The Jubilee Concert:

OR, THE WARWICKSHIRE LAD.

BEING, A

COLLECTION of SONGS

Performed at the

JUBILEE, in Honour of SHAKESPEAR, at *Stratford upon Avon*, and at the *Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.*

Printed and Sold in Stonecutter Street, Fleet Market.

The MORNING ADDRESS.

LET beauty with the ſun ariſe,
To Shakeſpear tribute pay,
With heavenly ſmiles and ſparkling eyes,
Give luſtre to the day,
Each ſmile ſhe gives, protects his name,
What face ſhall dare to frown;
Not envy's ſelf can blaſt the fame,
Which beauty deigns to crown.

WARWICKSHIRE LAD.

YE Warwickſhire lads and ye laſſes,
See what at our jubilee paſſes,
Come revel away rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads, was a Warwickſhire lad.
Warwickſhire lad,
All be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a warwickſhire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county
Where nature has laviſh'd her bounty
Where much ſhe has given and ſome to be ſpar'd
For the bard of all bards was a warwickſhire bard
Warwickſhire bard
Never pair'd
For the bard of all bards, was a Warwickſhire bard.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
And half a ſcore more to take pride in,
Of famous will Congreve, we boaſt to the ſkill,
But the will of all will's was a warwickſhire will.
Warwickſhire will,
Matchleſs ſtill,
For the will of all wills was a warwickſhire will.

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Our Shakeſpear Compar'd is to no man,
No frenchman, no Grecian, nor Roman,
Their ſwans are all geeſe to the Avon's ſweet ſwan
And the man of all men, was a warwickſhire man,
Warwickſhire man,
Avon's ſwan,
And the man of all men, was a warwickſhire man,

As veniſon is very inviting,
To ſteal it our bard took delight in,
To make his friends merry he never was lag
And the wag of all wags, is a warwickſhire wag
Warwickſhire wag,
Ever brag
For the wag of all wags, was a warwickſhire wag

There never was ſeen ſuch a creature
Of all ſhe was worth, he robb'd nature;
He took all her ſmiles, and he took all her grief.
And the thief of all thieves was a warwickſhire thief
Warwickſhire thief,
He's the chief,
For the thief of all thiefs was a Warwickſhire thief

THE MULBERRY TREE.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree
Which, O my ſweet Shakeſpear, was planted by thee
As a relick I kiſs it, and bow to the ſhrine,
What comes from thy hand muſt be ever divine!
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-Tree,
Bend to the,
Bleſt Mulberry,
Matchleſs was he
Who planted the,
And thou like him immortal be!

The trees of the foreſt, ſo rampant and high,
Who ſpread round their branches, whoſe head ſweep the ſky,
Ye curious exotics, whom taſte has brought here,
To root out the natives, at prices ſo dear,
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-Tree, &c, &c.

The Oak is held royal, in Britain's great boaſt,
Preſerv'd once our king, and will always our coaſt,
But of fir we make ſhips, we have thouſands that fight
While one, only one, like our Shakeſpear can write,
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-Tree, &c, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers;
The garden of Shakeſpeare all fancies will ſuit,
With the ſweeteſt of flowers, and faireſt of fruit,
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-Tree, &c, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well letter'd Birch,
Supplies law and phyſick, and grace for the church,
But law and the goſpel in Shakeſpeare we find,
And he gives the beſt phyſick for body and mind,
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-Tree, &c, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Let Phebus and Bacchus their glorie reſign,
Our tree ſhall ſurpaſs both the Laurel and Vine,
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry Tree, &c, &c.

The genius of Shakeſpeare out ſhines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey,
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has laurel, and bays, and the Vine all in one.
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-Tree, &c, &c.

Then each take a relick of this hollow tree,
From folly and faſhion a charm let it be;

Fill fill to the planter, the cup to the brim,
To honour his country, do honour to him,
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-Tree, &c.

In HONOUR of SHAKESPEAR.

SISTERS of the tuneful ſtrain!
Attend your parents jocund train,
'Tis fancy calls you, follow me,
To celebrate the Jubilee.

On Avon's banks, where Shakeſpear's buſt,
Points out and guard's his ſleeping duſts,
The Sons of Scenic mirth decree,
To celebrate this Jubilee.

By Garrick led, the grateful band,
Haſte to their poet's native land,
With rites of ſportive revelry,
To celebrate this Jubilee

Come daughters then and with you bring
The vocal reed and ſprightly ſtring,
Wit, and Joke, and Repartee,
To celebrate our Jubilee

Come daughters, come, and bring with you,
Th' Ærial Sprite, and Fairy Crew,
And the ſiſter-graces three,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

Hang around the ſculptur'd tomb,
The broider'd veſt, the nodding plume,
And the maſk of comic glee,
To celebrate our Jubilee,

From Birnam Wood, and Boſworth Field,
Bring the ſtandard, bring the ſhield,
With drums and martial ſymphony,
To celebrate our Jubilee,

In mournful numbers how relate
Poor Deſdemona's hapleſs fate;
With frantic deeds of Jealouſy,
To celebrate our Jubilee

Nor be Windſor's Wives forgot,
With their harmleſs merry plot,
The whit'ning mead, and haunted tree
To celebrate our Jubilee.

Now in jocund ſtrains recite,
The revels of the braggar'd Knight,
Fat Knight! and antient Piſtol he!
To celebrate our Jubilee.

But ſee in crowds the gay, the fair,
To the ſplendid ſcene repair;
A ſcene as fine as fine can be,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

Yet Colin bring, and Roſalind,
Each ſhepherd true and damſel kind,
For well with ours, their ſports agree,
To crown the feſtive Jubilee.

In PRAISE of SHAKESPEAR.

ALL this for a poet—O no—
who liv'd lord knows how long ago?
How can you jeer one,
How can you ſneer one,
A poet a poet. O no,—
'Tis not ſo,
Who liv'd lord knows how long ago,

It muſt be ſome great man,
A prince or a ſtateman,
It can't be a poet—O no—

Your poet is poor,
And nobody ſure,
Records a poor poet I trow,
The rich ones we prize,
Send 'em up to the ſkies,
But not a poor poet——O no——
Who liv'd lord knows how long ago.

AIR.

O'er each heart he was ruler,
Made 'em warmer or cooler,
Could make 'em to laugh or to cry;
What we lock'd in our breaſts,
Tho' as cloſe as in cheſts,
Was not hid from the Conjurer's eye;
Tho' ſins I have none,
I am glad he is gone,
No maid could live near ſuch a mon.

If he ſaw ye, he knew ye,
Would look thro' and thro' ye,
Thro' ſkin, and your fleſh, and your cloaths,
Had you vanity, pride,
Fifty follies beſides,
He would ſee 'em, as plain as your noſe;
Tho' ſins I have none,
I am glad he is gone,
No maid could near ſuch a mon,

Let us ſing it, and dance it,
Rejoice it, and prance it,
That no man has now ſuch an art
What would come of us all
Both the great one and ſmall,
Should he live to peep now in each heart,
Tho' ſins I have none,
I am glad he is gone,
No maid could live near ſuch a mon.

SWEET WILLEY O.

THE pride of all nature was Sweet Willey O,
The pride of all nature was Sweet Wilely O,
The firſt of the Swains,
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to the Sweet Willey O.
None ever was like to the Sweet Willey O.

He ſung it ſo rarely did Sweet Willey O,
He melted each maid,
So ſkilful he play'd,
No ſhepherd e'er pip'd like the Sweet Willey O.

All nature obey'd him, this Sweet Willey O,
Wherever he came,
What e'er had a name,
Whenever he ſung follow'd Sweet Willey O.

He would be a ſoldier, the ſweet Willey O,
When arm'd in the field,
With ſword and with ſhield,
The laurel was won by the ſweet Willey O.

He charm'd them when living, the ſweet Willey O,
And when Willey dy'd,
'Twas nature that ſigh'd,
To part with her all in her ſweet Willey O.

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